East Oregonian

AN INDEPENDENT NEWSPAPER.

Published Daily and Semi-Weekly at Pendleton, Oregon, by the EAST OREGONIAN PUBLISHING CO.

Official City and County Paper.
Member United Press Association.

Entered at the postoffice at Pendleton, Oregon, as second-class mail matter.

ON SALE IN OTHER CITIES.
The Eastern News Co., Portland, Oregon, 321½ Washington St., at 6th.
Imperial Hotel News Stand, Portland, Oregon.
Bowman News Co., Portland, Oregon.
ON FILE AT
Chicago Bureau, 909 Security Building.
Washington, D. C., Bureau, 501, Fourteenth street, N. W.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

Daily, one year, by mail	$5.00
Daily, six months, by mail	2.50
Daily, three months, by mail	1.25
Daily, one month, by mail	.50
Daily, one year, by carrier	7.50
Daily, six months, by carrier	3.75
Daily, three months, by carrier	1.95
Daily, one month, by carrier	.65
Semi-Weekly, one year by mail	1.50
Semi-Weekly, six months, by mail	.75
Semi-Weekly, four months, by mail	.50

Telephone 1

RELIANCE.

Not to the swift, the race,
Not to the strong, the right;
Not to the righteous perfect grace;
Not to the wise, the light.

But often faltering feet
Come surest to the goal;
And they who walking darken
The sunrise of the soul.

A thousand times by night
The Syrian hosts have died;
A thousand times the vanquished right
Hath risen glorified.

The truth the wise men sought
Was spoken by a child;
The alabaster box was brought
In trembling hands defiled.

Not from my torch, the gleam,
But from the stars above;
Not from my heart life's crystal stream,
But from the depths of love.
—Atlantic Monthly.

Where Will They Land?

A subject of fascinating interest pertains to the changes that will come about as a result of the Panama canal and what part of the western coast will receive the bulk of the foreign immigration. Many hold the theory that San Francisco will be the great port of entry for most of the new comers.

However, there are plenty of reasons for thinking the northwest ports will receive their full share. The steamship companies will grant uniform fares to all Pacific coast points and it will be natural for the immigrants to travel as far as possible for their money. If they do this the bulk of the people will land at Portland, Seattle or Tacoma.

Another element in the situation is the fact the Europeans will logically seek climatic conditions similar to those at home. Therefore the people from northern Europe will prefer conditions here in the northwest to life in the warmer southwest. If this theory proves correct the northwestern states and Alaska will draw heavily on the Norwegians, Swedes, Germans and British, while immigrants from such countries as Italy and France will prefer California.

Such a Nightmare.

Having failed to make headway through its attack on the law enforcement policies of Dr. C. J. Smith the Oregonian now tries a new line of assault. It has invented the "discovery" of a tremendous plot on the part of Governor West and the game commission to build up a machine to bring about the nomination of Dr. Smith.

The Oregonian story consists of 99 parts accusation and one part evidence. The "proof" for the monstrous charge consists in the fact one deputy game warden has been discharged for very good reasons on recommendation of Mr. Finley and that the new game warden Mr. Evans says three old deputy wardens will probably not be reappointed under the reorganization plan. Mr. Evans is trying to reduce the force. The story also discloses the fact the game department expects to get along with $80,000 less than was required last year and hopes to end the tiresome squabble in which the board has been involved for several years past.

That seems to be the extent of the terrible and dirty work that Governor West is having the game commission do for Dr. Smith.

A glimpse at the political affiliations of the game board and its chief appointees is also enlightening. The board that devised the reorganization plan was composed for the most part of republicans. One of them is George Kelly, campaign manager for R. A. Booth. Mr. Kelly was an all-round worker at the reorganization meeting and made many of the motions. All the important appointees are republicans. Mr. Finley, superintendent of the biological department is a republican; Mr. Clanton, superintendent of hatcheries is a republican; Mr. Evans, state game warden is a republican; Mr. Opsund, state fish warden is a republican.

Is it reasonable to think that this republican board by making republican appointments, by greatly reducing expenses and by eliminating squabbling is building up a political machine to control the democratic nomination for governor?

The Oregonian's accusations on this subject are ridiculous on their face and merely show how hard pressed is that paper in its efforts to find material to use against Governor West and Dr. Smith.

If the Oregonian could attack Dr. Smith's candidacy on meritorious grounds it would not be having such nightmares.

Shakespeare's Glory.

One day last week a special train of nine cars passed through Pendleton enroute to Portland. It was the Southern-Marlowe special taking the famous Shakespearean players and their troupe on their transcontinental tour.

What a tribute to the great dramatist that his plays are still being produced nearly 300 years after he was born and that audiences gather to hear his words in regions that were wholly undiscovered during his lifetime.

Incidentally it may be said that Shakespeare is honored now far more than he was 50 years after his death, as is shown by the following statement from Mr. Sothern:

"It is a matter of surprise," says E. H. Sothern, "to discover that William Shakespeare was almost entirely unknown in England fifty years after his death. This can be understood in a measure when it is known that in the first edition of his works, published in 1616, and the second in 1632, that little more than sixteen hundred copies of the plays had been printed. All of these volumes were, of course to be found in the hands of students and in noblemen's houses. Shakespeare had not been dead fifty years when Dryden mentioned 'that the plays of Shakespeare had become a little obsolete.' Not only that, but the editors of his works in the latter part of the seventeenth century, namely, Pope and Johnson, were extremely censorious. Nathum Tate was the poet laurete of the time succeeding Shadwell. Tate thought so poorly of Shakespeare's work that he attempted to rewrite them. John Boteler, a literary man of the time, write to Tate: 'Once upon a time there was a great man called Shakespeare who wrote a thing called 'Lear;' a great genius such as you are, might make it into a play.' As Tate up to that time had probably not heard of Shakespeare, he forthwith got ahold of a copy of 'Lear,' and proceeded to make it into a play, and published it in 1699. He dedicated his work to his friend Boteler. He wrote that he found the play a 'heap of jewels unstrung and unpolished, yet so dazzling in their disorder that I soon perceived that I had seized a treasure. It was my good fortune to light on one expedient to rectify what was wanting in the regularity and probibility of the tale.' I have read Tate's version and instead of finding it a heap of jewels, discovered it to be a mountain of rubbish."

BY THE SCISSORS

McADOO AS A TANGO ARTIST.

(Houston Post.)

Some of the chosen few of Houston's prominent citizens and society girls had the novel treat late Tuesday afternoon of seeing William F. McAdoo, secretary of the treasury of the United States, tangoing and dancing all the latest dances in the ballroom of the Roce Hotel as the guest of Jesse H. Jones who thought there could not be any better way of entertaining the distinguished visitors than giving them a little informal tango.

While the secretary of the treasury danced around the ballroom of the Rice with much grace and with much pleasure, the secretary of agriculture contented himself with sitting by with some of his old-time friends and watching the informal tango party. He took much pleasure in seeing his colleague dancing the latest steps with some of Houston's prettiest society girls.

After a long wait, Secretary McAdoo finally consented to miss one dance to go out on the adjoining porch and give a brief interview to a couple of waiting newspapermen. Secretary McAdoo is a very active man, and when he is not dancing he likes to walk; so while the others were tangoing inside the ballroom, outside the nation's executive of the treasury paced up and down the length of the veranda with a newspaper reporter on each side of him.

The man to whom credit has been given for nipping in the bud several panics admitted that he liked to dance. Secretary McAdoo has a 20-year-old daughter who is also a terpischorean artist and he said that he liked to be able to keep up with his daughter when it comes to dancing the latest steps.

TREES IN LONDON STREETS.

There is scarcely a street in the city of London, perhaps not one, nor many out of the pale of it, from some part of which the passenger may not discover a tree. Most people to whom this has been mentioned have doubted the accuracy of our information, nor do we profess hitherto to have ascertained it; though since we heard the assertion we have made a point of endeavoring to do so whenever we could, and have not been disappointed. The mention of the circumstance generally creates a laughing astonishment, and a cry of "Impossible." Two persons who successively heard of it the other day, not only thought it incredible as a general fact, but doubted whether half a dozen streets could be found with a twig in them; and they triumphantly instanced "Cheapside" as a place in which it was "out of the question." Yet in Cheapside is an actual, visible, and ostentatiously visible tree, to all who have eyes to look about them. It stands at the corner of Wood street, and occupies the space of a house. There was a solitary one in St. Paul's churchyard, which has not got a multitude of small companions. A little child was shown us a few years back, who was said never to have beheld a tree but that single one in St. Paul's churchyard. Whenever a tree was mentioned she thought it was that and no other. She had no conception even of the remote one in Cheapside. This appears incredible, but there would seem to be no bounds, either to imagination or the want of it.—From "The Town," by Leigh Hunt.

LITERATURE AND LIFE.

(Philadelphia Telegraph.)

In the opinion of John Edmands, librarian emeritus of the Mercantile Library and for 70 of his 94 years a student of literary tendencies, the aims and methods of present-day writers are open to censure. "The taste in books," he says, "is upside down."

There is a good deal of truth in Mr. Edmands' complaint, though, like all veterans of a former age, he is somewhat laudator temporis acti. His late contemporary, Alfred Russell Wallace, was of the same opinion. It is a natural attitude of mind, though vulnerable at several important points.

It is quite true that the classics are gathering dust on the shelves of homes and libraries while current literature, not yet canonized, and still less Bowdlerized, is on the table and is eagerly read. And yet, 50 years ago, Dickens, Reads and Thackeray were supplanting Jane Austen and Martin Farquhar Tupper, which, even then, were beginning to gather dust in their classic pantheon—the glass-covered bookcases.

But it is not necessarily a cause for pessimism that history is repeating itself in this respect. Each age is intensely absorbed in its own affairs and demands their instant treatment in press and periodical, in pamphlet and novel. Dickens and Reade, for example, were ultramodern in their own day, and exposed, attacked and destroyed contemporary evils by means of the weekly "penny dreadfuls" that the future subsequently canonized as classics.